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PRICE TEN CENTS.

PUCK



TAKE A CAMERA ON YOUR VACATION.

But remember, there is some Great Scenery around Broadway and Forty-Second Street in the Summer Time.



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Cartoons and Comments

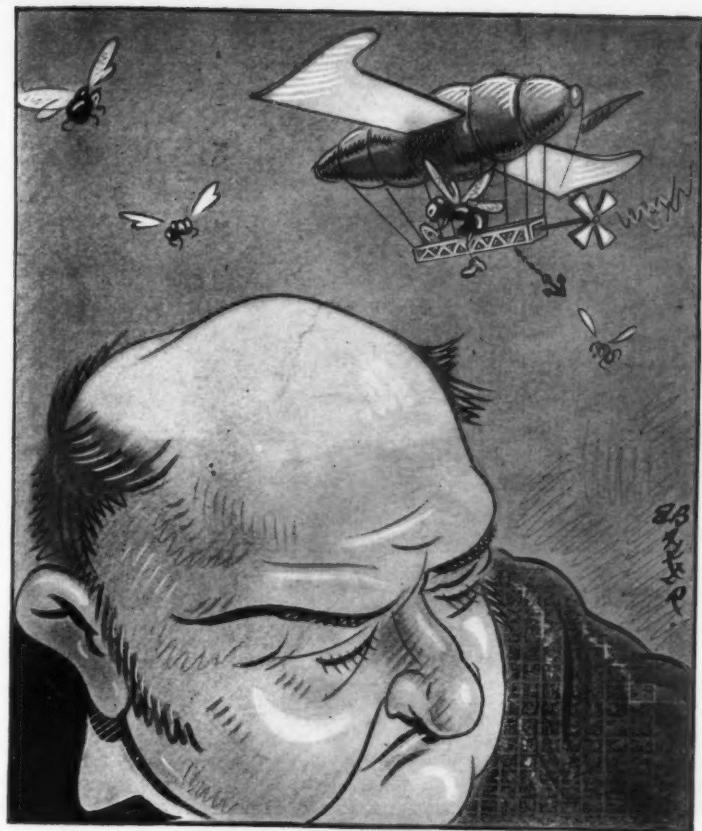
COMBINING DUTY WITH PLEASURE. IT is extremely unfortunate that Secretary BRYAN's lecture dates and his diplomatic dates conflict. Not that Mr. BRYAN will slight the latter in order to fill the former—only the most rabid of his opponents discredit him to such an extent—but it must be annoying to have one's combination vacation and lecture tour broken into repeatedly by the rasping call of duty. Would it not be possible to readjust matters so that the Secretary of State might go about "supplementing his income" without further interruption? The Mexican situation provides most of the difficulty. It is that which most disturbs Mr. BRYAN's summer peace. Now, if some compromise between duty and pleasure could be effected, how satisfactory it would be for every-

body. As head of the State Department, Secretary BRYAN cannot escape direct personal concern with matters in Mexico. His well-known powers of persuasion may be needed at any moment in some crisis of mediation. There are Chautauqua audiences to be considered, however, and duty takes no notice of them. For their sake, as well as the Secretary's own, let it therefore be suggested that Mr. BRYAN do a little mediating "on the road." Let representatives of the warring Mexican factions join him on the Chautauqua circuit, and talk over the knotty points between lectures. If they wore their native Mexican costumes nothing could be pleasanter, for then they might sit on the platform back of the lecturer, first driving with him in an open carriage from the station or hotel to the assembly ground, and thereby

adding a novel feature to the Secretary's tour. It might even be possible to mediate in a separate tent on a raised and roped-in platform. Think of the opportunity thus afforded the management to send a man through the throng, crying: "Great diplomatic act, United States and Mexico, immediately after the main performance. Ten cents. Who wants tickets?" Chautauqua audiences are made up of live people who take a patriotic interest in their country's affairs and problems. The people would fall eagerly for a sight of diplomats in action, even if they could n't hear a word that was said. It would be a novelty worthy of the Chautauqua circuit. As for Mr. BRYAN, it could not fail to be personally pleasing to him, for it would mean increased attendance and an increased rake-off from the box-office.



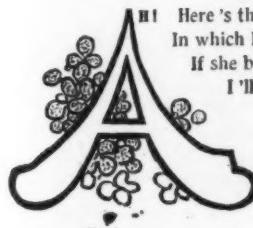
"SHAKE, OLD MAN!"



NATURAL LOCATION.

AVIATOR FLY (*volplaning*).—Ha! What a stunning landing! A regular natural aviation field!

HER LETTER.



Here's the answer to my note
In which I asked her to be mine.
If she but favor what I wrote
I'll kneel forever at her shrine.

I wish she wrote more plainly. What?
Oh, yes! — "I got your note to-day,
And hasten to—to—to—say—" Great Scott! What is it that she hastens to say?

"That though we were dear friends"—Of course,
I might have known 't would end like this—
"I never thought of love." I'll force
Behind me this short dream of bliss.

"So that your declaration quite
Surprises me, I must confess.
I'll think about it over night."
Well, that means "No," then.—"P.S.—Yes."

James G. Burnett.

AN INTERRUPTION.

"FOR twelve long years," roared Spartacus, "I have met every form of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish. The Numidian lion—"

A VOICE.—How about the Welsh rabbit? (*Cheers and cat-calls and much confusion in the rear of the arena.*)

FIXING HIM OUT.

HUNSTON.—I'd like to go shooting to-morrow, if I could only get a dog that was well trained.

ETHEL.—Oh! I'll let you take Dottie, then! She can stand on her head, and shake hands, and play dead, and say prayers, and do lots of things!

THE man whose mind is not made up should no more air his opinions than he would his bed in public.

Love makes the world go round, but the disappointed lover is apt to consider it quite flat.

THE AGE OF GASOLENE.

GY the initiate called "gas," by uncouth foreigners called "petrol," this potent liquid doth sway the pendent world and fill our nostrils, our heads, lives, and everything except our pockets. You cannot escape it. You go where the wild flowers bloom, and stoop to sniff their fragrance, and you sniff gasolene. You pluck a handful of berries by the wayside, and the flavor is distinctly that of gasolene. You lie yourself to the mountain-top, there to recline upon the upmost crag, and you think yourself in the true ozone and out of reach of human speed-fiends; but a footfall pursueth and a voice accosteth you, asking if you can lend a poor devil a pint—a bare pint—of gasolene, that he may get to the next oil-plant.

The air is rank with gasolene, and we think gasolene thoughts, live gasolene existences, and (perhaps) die gasolene deaths. Children no longer cry for that good old medicinal dope of our foremothers, but they come into the world with a hankering for gasolene. The hand that rocks the cradle no longer rules the world. It does not rock the cradle, because it is busy with the steering-gear, and the crafty fellows that sell the stuff that makes the wagon buzz—meaning John D. and his friends—they are they that rule the world. Father works to earn gasolene for the family; Willie blows his allowance for gasolene; and the summit of human wishes is to have a barrel of the stuff always on tap.

King Richard wanted a horse so badly that he offered to give his kingdom for it; though the truth was that the wretched man knew well enough that at that moment he had no kingdom to give, and if he had had a kingdom, and somebody had given him a horse, he would have changed his mind about the payment when he got safely home. In these days Dick the Dirk would have yelled lustily for gasolene to feed that seven-passenger "six" of his. And would he have got it? Nay! Even in these days of gasolene we know a member of the Down-and-Out Club when we see one, and the touring-cars would have passed King Dick like the wind and hidden his imperial head in a cloud of dust. Gasolene is for the victors; losers and pikers get the smell.



INSTRUCTION.

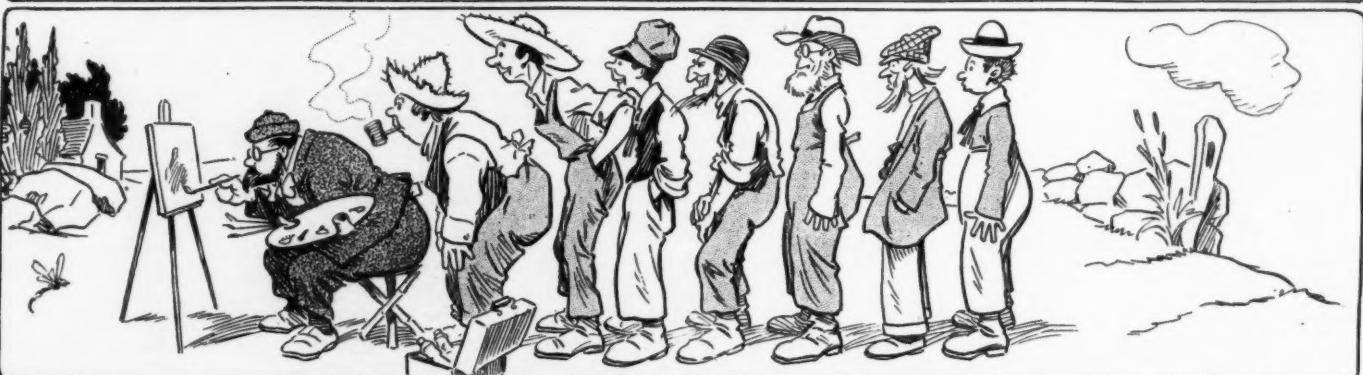
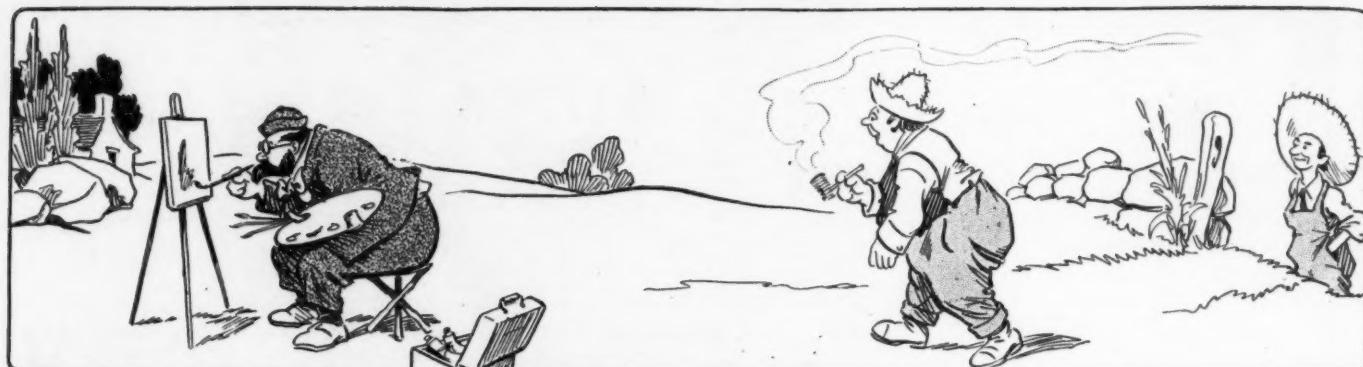
JOHNNY.—And does the gas-meter measure the quantity of gas you use?
PAPA.—No, my son;—the quantity you have to pay for.



IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

COUNTRY INNKEEPER.—Did you hear the fight out in front about one o'clock this mornin'? NEW YORKER (wearily).—Yes. It put me to sleep!

PUCK



AND ONE LITTLE DRAGON-FLY STARTED IT!

PUCK

GRANTED!



HE sat across the car from me,
As fair and sweet a maiden
As fondest dream could hope to see—
A tailor gown arrayed in;
And I—I gazed as tho' bereft
Of sense, until she darted
A flashing shaft at me, and left
Me dazed and bleeding-hearted.

"Cupid!" cried I, "were e'er such charms?
The world I'd give to win it,—
The joy of holding in my arms
That form one blessed minute!"
She rose to go; the speeding car,
As tho' it were enchanted,
Stood still! Thanks, Cupid, for that jar!—
My plea was quickly granted!

THE UNFAIR CLAIMANT.

"AM dis Mistah Claims?" she asked as she sidled into the office of the Claim Department. "I hedda axdent on youah cah, suh. I jess done got one foot on de step——"

She pushed back the black "bunnet" that was worn over her head for mourning.

"My name am Rosy Giddin's, an' I jess done got one foot on de step, an' de cah gin a yank, an' frowned me down. Yassah! Dat was free yeah ago, an' I wah sick nigh two months, gittin' wuss all de time, an' I been sick evah sense. Wot dat yank done gin me wah spazzams."

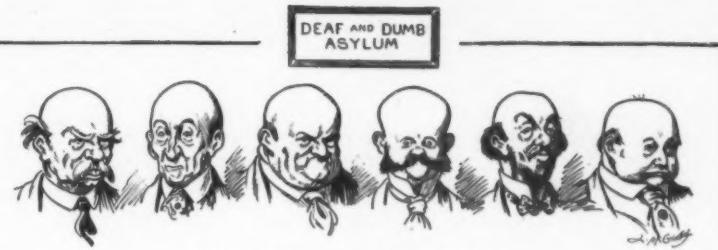
"I've heard about that. You tried to get on after the car started, and you're making trouble for nothing. You are suing us for \$10,000, and you've had spasms ever since you fell down some back stairs."

"Down some back stahs! W'en d' I fall down inn'y back stahs?"

"About ten years ago, with a basket of clothes."

"Oh, dat time. Yase, o' cose I hed de spazzams. Wot dat cah done gin me wah—yassah, I done jess git one foot on de step, an' dat cah frowned me down, an' wot dat cah done gin me wah er—tuhle sickness. An' trouble? We nevah wished to make no trouble foh nobody. We wa'n't nebbah gwine come neah you, an' Mistah Giddin's, poo' blessed man, he ain't heah now, nohow, he done fix up one time ter come ter see you, an' he look so nice wif his fine moral mannahs an' his cane, an' he jess gwine git eight, seben thousan' dollahs, an' call it squah, an' you wa'n't heah. But dat cah, I jess done got one foot on de step, an' it gin a tuhle yank, an' I gotter git sumpin' shuah!"

"Wuh, I huhd o' er white lady, an' she jess git one foot on de step, an' de cah gin er yank, an' she got huht in huh spine in huh back some place, an' she git erbout seben thousan' dollahs; an' I huhd o' nother w'ite lady—yassah, I done wuk for huh, right in huh house, an' knowed all erbout it, an' she wa'n't huht 't all, moah'n I is, an' she jess git one foot on de step an' de cah gin er yank, an' she had de nervous system, an' she done git



"DOMES OF SILENCE."

erbout 'leben thousan' dollahs. I hain't woh'yin' erbout wot I kin git. No, suh! I'se got muh witresses right whah I kin put mah fingah right on 'em; an' if thah's gwine ter be any co't business, an' spine in youah backs, an' nervous systems, I'se ready fo' it, yassah."

"All right."

"Ain't yo' gwine gimme nothin'?"

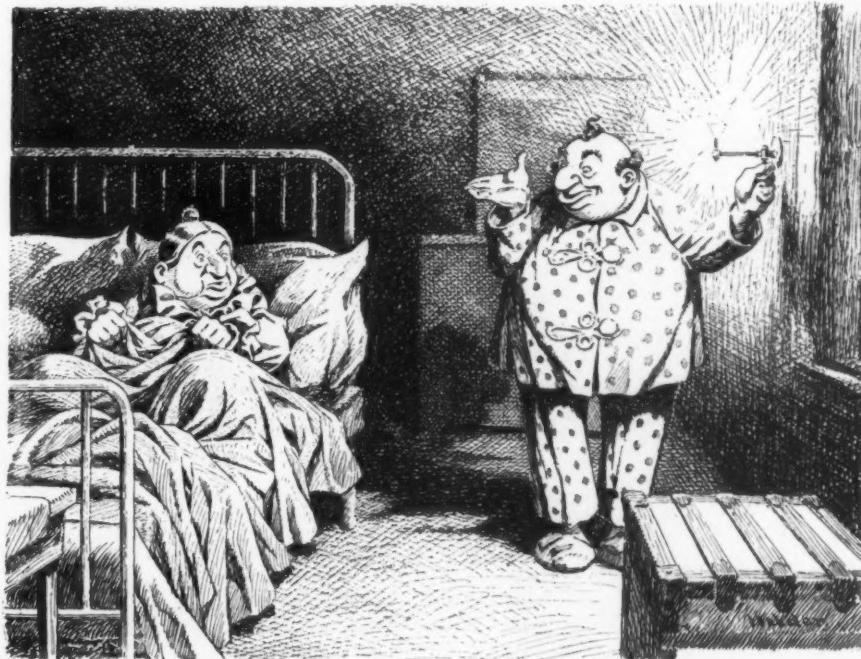
"If you go along now, and dismiss your suit, I will give you the thirteen dollars you paid to start it. You ought to get hold of some car a little earlier, and start your suit over again, anyway."

"Thirteen dollahs! Suhtinly dat's mighty little money."

"There's no time to talk. Go and think it over."

"Co'se, few wo'ds is best. You bet I hain't felt much like chin-nin', mahse'f, sense Mistah Giddin's done been swiped on me. But I sho' think you-all ought ter scratch eroun' an' git me a little moah change dan dat. I jess done git one foot on de step, an' dat cah gin a pow'ful yank. Thah wah folks got on dat cah fo' she started, an' dey seed it, an' dere wah er woman settin' in de cah, er lookin' out; wuh, she like ter fall in er fit. She gin a yell: 'Dis cah done run ovah a poo' culled woman! Looka thah, looka thah, she's layin' thah on de track, daid!' An' dat wah me, mistah, an' dat woman could tolle ye, 'cuz she wah er settin' thah, gossipin' out o' de winder. An' I done got er tuhle sickness, but I wa'n't gwine make no trouble. Co'se, we go to de lawyahs; we s'pose dey und'stan' such things moah'n us poo' culled folks, an' dey don't make you-all so much trouble. Wuh, Mistah Giddin's, he always say: 'Don't you bodder nothin' erbout it. Don't bodder dem folks 't all,' he say. Wuh, bless yo', chile, he say: 'Dem folks got troubles er thah own.' An' co'se I had dem spazzums afo', an' I would n't tolle you er lie moah'n a stah dat hang up in de elements, but I suhtinly did git tuhly huht."

"I wuh de fines' lookin' gal eroun' heah fo' dat axdent; co'se dey say expressin' yuhse'f ain't no compment, but 'deed I wah. Muh heahin', dat's wot's 'fectin me, kain't heah nothin'." Wuh, I'se got er little cana'y buhd, an' I did use love t' heah him sing. Kain't heah him no moah. Wuh, sometimes in de mawnins, dat in'cent buhd he sing like he bus' hisse'f, an' wake me up; an' it make me feel mighty bad, an' I say: 'No use ter sing now, little buhd; I kain't heah a wo'd you say.' An' 'peahs like he unstan' it too, an' mos' de time he sing soft an' low, an' it don't soun' no loudah 'n a whispah. Muh heahin' 's cleean gawn, an' muh jaw—heah dat crickin' noise? Heah dat crickin'? Dat's muh jaw. Wuh, dat jaw's no good, no moah, nohow; kain't eat nothin'. Kain't bite er pig's feet ner no othah kind er bone business. I suhtinly think you-all ought ter scratch eroun' an' git me a little moah change. Muh heahin' 'fected, an' muh eyes gawn, an' Mistah Giddin's swiped on me, I sho' don't know what I'se gwine ter do. I mout as well be daid!" W. F.



STRICTLY FIRE-PROOF.

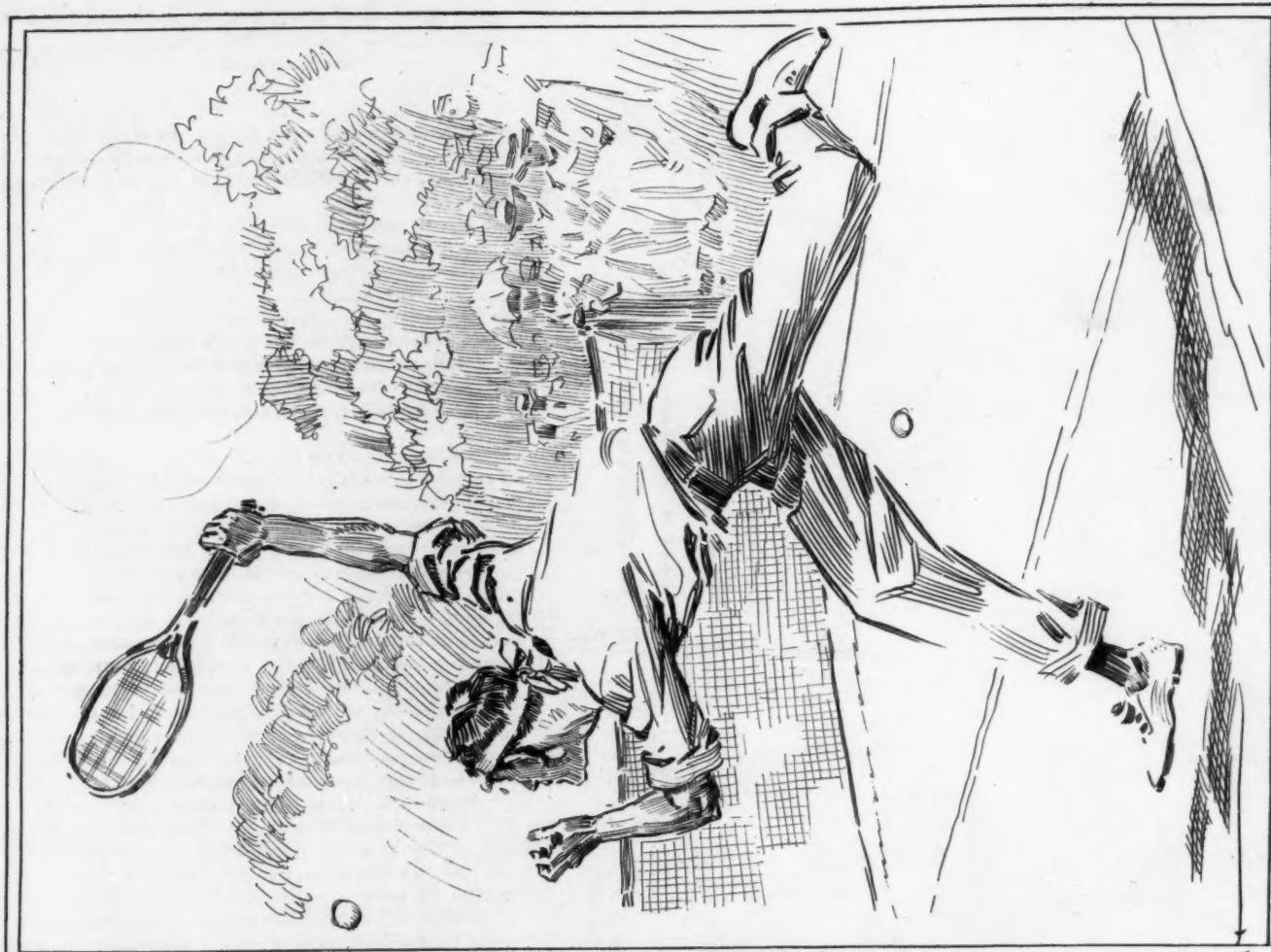
MRS. COHENSTEIN (at shore hotel).—Oh, Isaac! Subhose dis hotel should take fire!
MR. COHENSTEIN.—Imbossible. Rachel! Dey're making money!

That man who wanted the earth probably never stopped to consider what the taxes would be.

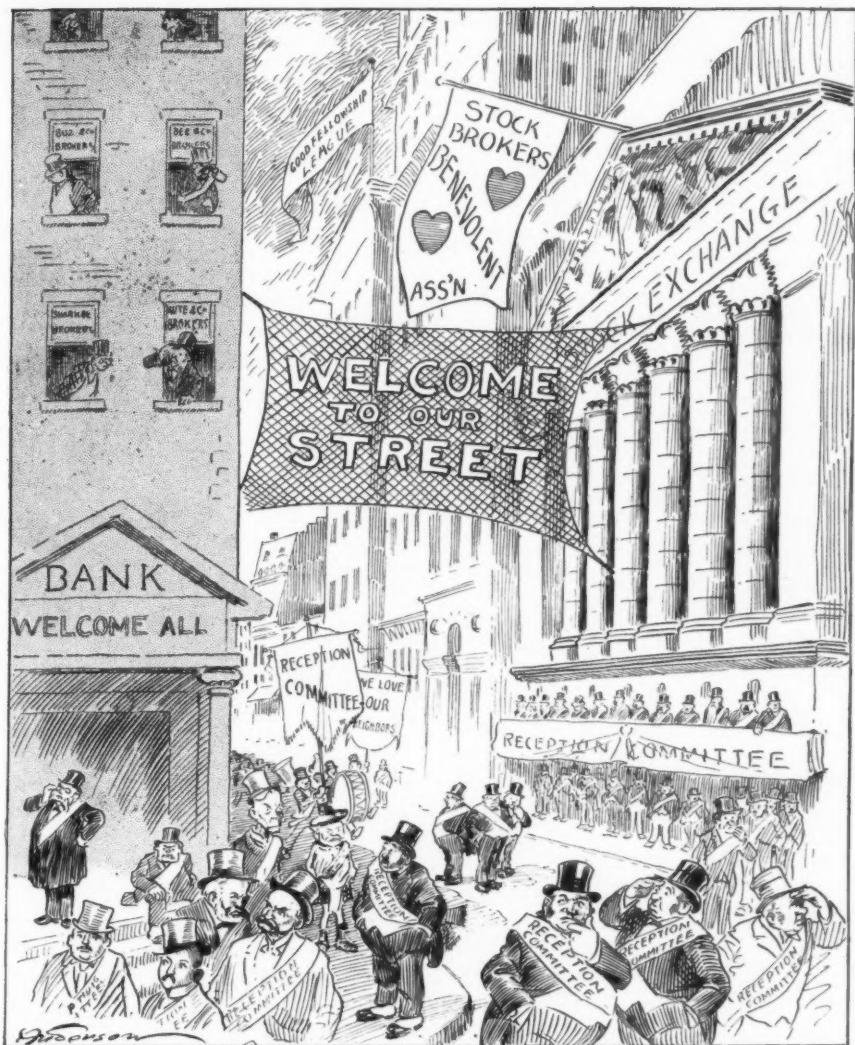
"T WAS EVER THUS IN SUMMER DAYS.



This man "sits at a desk all day," and goes to the country for exercise.



This man is "on his feet all day," and goes to the country for a rest.



OLD HOME WEEK IN WALL STREET.
IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF VERY MANY WERE COMING BACK.

A GAME OF WHIST.



OUR ghosts there were who played at whist.
Forsooth, they played it well!
And all agreed to not desist
Until the matin bell.

They dealt the spectre cards around
With quivering quail and quake,
For fear that if they made a sound
The sleeping world would wake.

Then something sharp the silence broke—
“What’s trumps?” a voice did cry.
It was a lady ghost who spoke
And knocked the game sky-high!

Winthrop Gray.

THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

ONCE upon a time (says my Arabian author) there lived a Sage who was noted for his wisdom, from the city of Ispahan to the S. E. quarter of the N. W. quarter of the south half of township 22, range 49, east of the 96° East of Greenwich, and such a warm baby in Sagedom was he that he made his home in the sage-brush, and lived entirely on sage-tea.

As rumors of his wisdom spread abroad in the land, many people came to interview him and to get tips on various things, as is even yet the custom in Bagdad and Wall Street, for it is commonly considered easier to drop onto a ready-made pointer than to learn by experience.

Sex has a great deal to do with the idea of beauty: Men do not dye their hair to look like their red-headed brothers.

For Experience is a hard teacher, and bastes his pupils with a halter-strap on the end whereof is a buckle.

Now, so great did the demand for the wisdom of this Sage become that he started a factory and canned wisdom of various kinds, all of which he sold for spot cash. And his prices were fourteen shekels per can in plain cans, and fifteen shekels with a can-opener, and he did a big business at the old stand, and advertised on all the barns from Trebizond to East Orange.

Now, this Sage was wise on all subjects, and knew all things regarding the earth beneath, the heavens above, and the rapid transit subways under the earth. He knew why a hen goes over the road, and when a door is not a door, and when New York would have real rapid transit, and many other things too numerous to put on papyrus.

But it came to pass that in the days of Alkassan, Caliph of Bagdad, when the Sage was full of years, that he fell ill, his time having come, and he advertised his wisdom factory for sale cheap.

Now, there lived in the city of Yonkers, beyond the domain of the Caliph, a youth who bore the name of John Smith; and, hearing of the approaching sale of the wisdom factory, the youth journeyed to the sage-brush, for he was in love with one Sally Jones, and he desired to set himself up in some good business and get married. And he said to himself: “If this old jay is not a fake his outfit will be a good thing to push along, and I will buy it and move the whole works to Harlem and wax rich, for I will be able to sell wisdom to many men. But if the old duffer is working a shell-game, I will proffer him the icy glove and pursue myself.”

Therefore, the youth, when he had entered the presence of the Sage, asked him but two questions, and the Sage answered them truthfully. And the first question was this: “Do you really know everything worth knowing?”

And to this question the Sage replied: “I do.”

Upon receiving this reply, the youth asked in an eager voice: “What, then, do you think of Sally Jones?”

To this the Sage was forced to reply in the following words: “I never heard of the lady.”

When the youth heard this he arose in wrath and pulled down his trouser-legs, and put his hat upon his head, preparing to depart for Yonkers. But ere he went he spoke.

“You old jay,” he said, “you are a hot Sage, you are, I don’t think! You ought to have a leather medal, for fair! If I were you I would shut up my wisdom-shop and run a peanut-stand in Erebus until I cut a few wisdom-teeth. Any hayseed that claims to know everything worth knowing and does n’t know Sally Jones is a fraud, and his wisdom isn’t worth two cents F. O. B. New York.”

Here (says my Arabian author) ends the tale of the Youth and the Sage, and the moral is, that when a young man is in love all the wisdom in the Encyclopedia is as nothing compared to one hair from his lady-love’s tresses.

“As to what comes after marriage” (says my erudite author), “the gracious Allah has kindly spared me the misfortune of being able to write knowingly thereon.”

DISTINCTION.

“Who is that military-looking chap?”

“That, sir, is the hero of a rumored war.”

FLESH AND BLOOD.

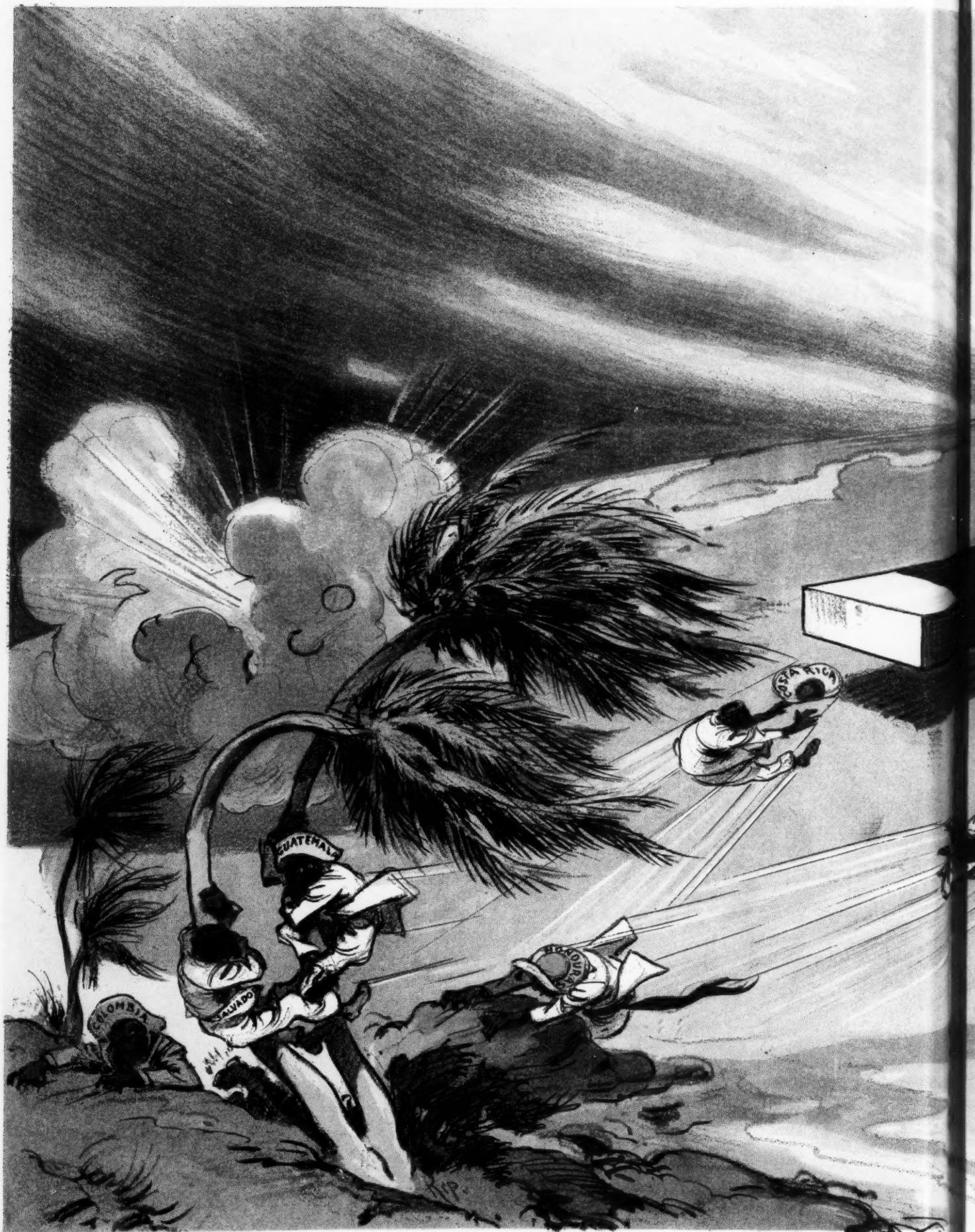
REV. MR. STRAITLACE.—I’ve been over to see the agent about the house Aunt Matilda bequeathed to us. What a pity that she allowed a liquor saloon to occupy that corner!

MRS. STRAITLACE.—We must sell it, of course.

REV. MR. STRAITLACE.—The agent tells me the liquor saloon is well rented, and the property ought to bring a good price.



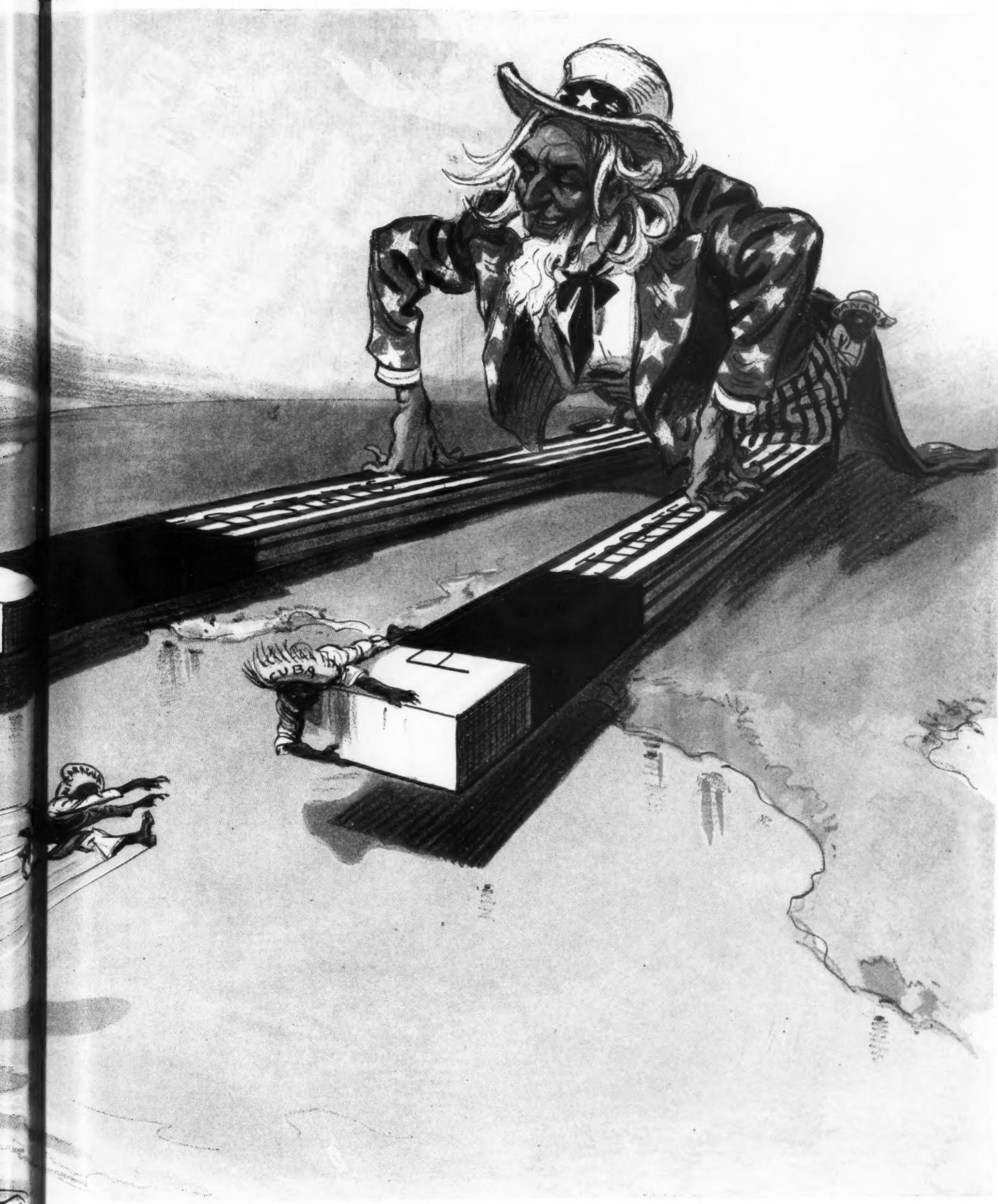
ANOTHER SWAT FOR MERE MAN.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE PULL OF MONY

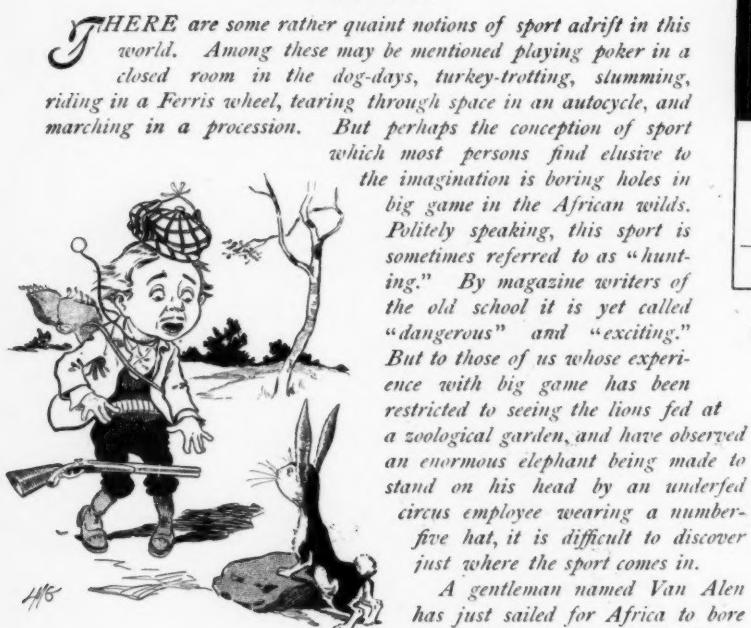
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PUCK

BIG GAME.



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THREE are some rather quaint notions of sport adrift in this world. Among these may be mentioned playing poker in a closed room in the dog-days, turkey-trotting, stumming, riding in a Ferris wheel, tearing through space in an autocycle, and marching in a procession. But perhaps the conception of sport which most persons find elusive to the imagination is boring holes in big game in the African wilds. Politely speaking, this sport is sometimes referred to as "hunting." By magazine writers of the old school it is yet called "dangerous" and "exciting." But to those of us whose experience with big game has been restricted to seeing the lions fed at a zoological garden, and have observed an enormous elephant being made to stand on his head by an underfed circus employee wearing a number-five hat, it is difficult to discover just where the sport comes in.

A gentleman named Van Alen has just sailed for Africa to bore some of the aforesaid holes in the fauna of that continent. Even the most enthusiastic mammalicides would not contend that Mr. Van Alen is invalidating his life insurance. He is going to do his hunting in a specially constructed steam-car, "accompanied by a party of experienced native hunters." The specially constructed car is armored. The guns are, of course, of the heaviest calibre, and the animal death-rate for Africa will total big.

This steam-car will not fear to go anywhere. The merry party inside the car will maintain hearts of oak. Gazelles, wildebeests, and canary-birds will hover around the car, watching its progress with hungry eyes, but they will not devour a single member of the expedition. Animals may be ferocious, but man will not be denied the fruits of his superiority. There are dangers, though, in such a trip. The slightest misstep on the part of the members of the expedition, when the car is in motion, might cause them to fall and sprain their thumbs.



A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

MOTHER.—Clarence, stop that! Let me down instantly! Do you hear? CLARENCE (still working air-pump).—Do I get that quarter I asked you for, or don't I?



"The way that dog is sniffin' round, there must be somethin' doin'!"

THE POLICE-DOG ON THE SCENT.



"I'll go an' get the proprietor to open up!"

QUALIFICATIONS.

"IS YOUR candidate for this high office a man whose statesmanship has been proved by years of experience in positions of trust and responsibility?"

"I dunno."

"Possibly a reformer, some grand old Christian whose life has been tested in the crucible of affliction—his whole being on fire with the grandeur of moral ideas?"

"Mebbe, mebbe."

"A man of charming personality?"

"Not exactly."

"Graceful wit?"

"No."

"A lion in debate?"

"No, no!"

"Then to what influence——"

"That's it, pard; you've struck it at last—he's got influence!"

A GIRL OF TASTE.

RESCUER.—Hurry! Quick! Throw her a life-preserver.

DROWNING GIRL.—Have n't you—a—white—one? That dirty—drab—does n't—match my—blue—suit.



"It's a good thing you live over yer store. It would have been my duty to break in!"



"Now come out of that, Mr. Burglar! We got yer dead to rights!"

AT CHURCH-TIME.

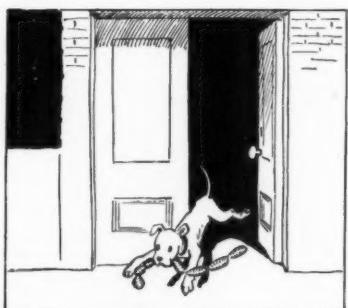
MRS. OLDTIMER.—Does your husband still think that you are too good for him?

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Yes. He complains a good deal on Sundays!

FOR A PURPOSE.

BRIGGS.—Why did you get such a cheap trunk to go to the seaside with?

GRIGGS.—I don't expect to bring it back with me.



!!!!!!

SADDER STILL.

FOR of all sad words of tongue or pen," he muttered, "the saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

Young Spooner's lip quivered.

"You've never heard a girl say 'Nit,' have you?" he muttered, sadly.



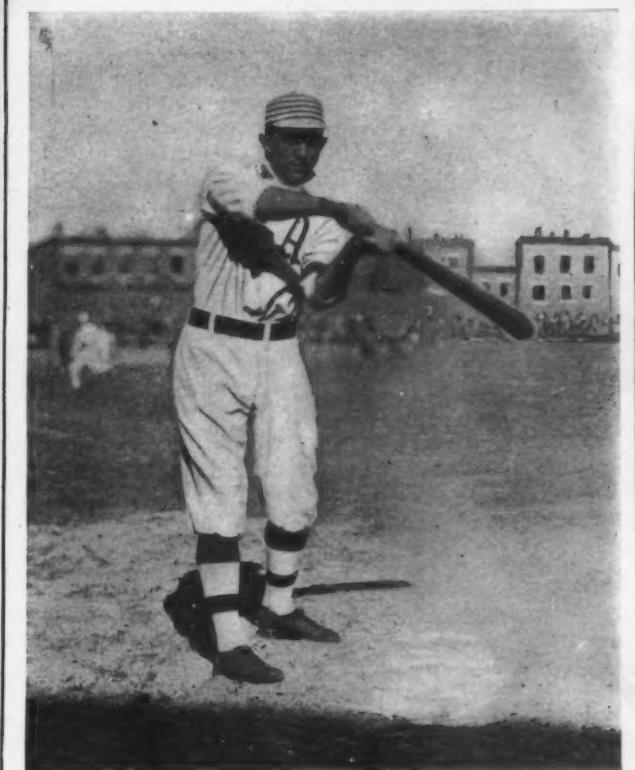
"It vos noddings, Mr. Officer. All der t'ieves got mit my butcher-shop was a few links of sausage!"

IF every man helped himself, that part of the world which came late to the banquet would find bare platters.

Around the Base Ball Circuit.



Marty O'Toole, the Pirate "beauty,"
Snapped in the act of his daily duty.
Like other beauts of whom we read,
His charms all lie in his curves and speed.



B stands for bat, and also for Baker,
A powerful pair from the home of the Quaker;
And Baker himself stands with confident smile,
All ready to larrup the leather a mile.

ALL FOR HER.

EJECTED because he had no money! It was a cruel blow to the poor but honest cashier of Solidrocks & Co. And yet he could not help loving the proud beauty.

A grand, noble, self-sacrificing character was the young cashier, and he could have borne his misfortune cheerfully had he hoped that the fair girl would marry a man worthy of her choice—a kind, generous, broad-minded, high-souled man, as nearly as possible like himself.

But to learn from her own lips that she had her eye on Solidrocks, his employer—mean, sordid, covetous old Solidrocks—that he could not bear. Such alliance he resolved to prevent at all hazards.

But how to prevent it? All night he tossed about on his restless pillow, but ere the morning dawned his plan was formed. Old Solidrocks carried an enormous bank balance; and the cashier, besides writing a beautiful hand himself, could also write the less beautiful of Solidrocks. He was too wary to draw the whole balance at one fell swoop, but nearly every day when he went to lunch he stopped at the bank and salted away five or ten

thousand. He had half a million of the grasping old miser's money when the engagement was announced. Beads of perspiration stood out on his brow when he heard they were going to be married in three months. It was a short time in which to complete his herculean task, but his great love upheld him. The girl must be saved. He redoubled his efforts. His checks increased in size and number. The days went by and the wedding approached dangerously near, but the big bank account was by no means what it had been.



THE SAME MOTION.

TOURIST FROM NEW YORK.—Pretty choppy, is n't it?

SECOND DITTO.—It sure is; about as bad as riding on top of a Fifth Avenue 'bus!

The mercenary beauty was arranging her trousseau and deliberating whether she would have a maid-of-honor, and if not, why not, when her father entered, his face white as ashes. Without a word he handed her a newspaper. She swooned as she read that the cashier of Solidrocks had been arrested on the Canada line, and that his forgeries had ruined his employers.

She never married. She is somewhat *passée* now, and the chances are against her.

A LOST HEIRLOOM.

THERE is no gout in Sir Percy's family, is there?"

"Not now; there was formerly. It was introduced into the family by Sir Roland Highliver, but they have been so miserably poor for the last two hundred years that they couldn't keep it up."

KNEW THE BRAND.

CUSTOMER.—You say my size is thirty-eight? Give me a size larger—to allow for shrinking.

CLERK.—But these are the "Unshrinkable Fabric."

CUSTOMER.—Then you'd better give me two sizes larger.

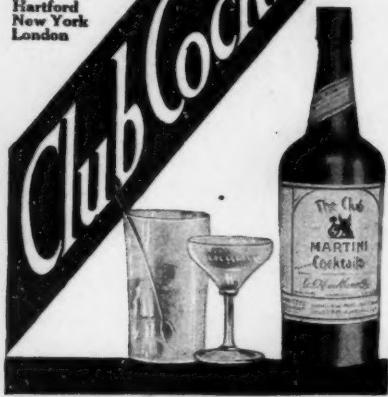
A journalist is a man who owns a paper and hires someone else to run it.

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"Tenement Tommy" Asks for A Square Deal

HE lives in New York's stuffy tenement district, the most congested spot in America.

In his sultry three-room home there is scarcely space to eat and sleep. His playground is the blistering pavement of the ill-smelling streets, hemmed in by scorching brick walls.

No trees, no grass, not even a whiff of fresh air,—in the only world Tommy knows. Ash cans are his background, and the rattle and roar of traffic his environment.

Tommy's widowed mother is broken with worry; his sisters and brothers are as pallid and frail as he. The winter struggle has sapped their vitality. They are starving for air.

No medicine will help Tommy. What he, his mother and the other children need are: a chance to breathe something pure and fresh,—a taste of sunshine and outdoor freedom,—an outing in the country or at the seashore. But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of misfortune. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

And that is why Tommy appeals for a square deal. Nor does he wish you to forget his mother, or his "pals" and their mothers,—all in the same plight.

This Association every summer sends thousands of "Tenement Tommies", mothers and babies to the country and to Sea Breeze, its fresh air home at Coney Island. A dollar bill, a five dollar check, or any amount you care to contribute, will help us to answer Tommy's appeal.

Send contributions to Robert Shaw Minturn, Treasurer, Room 204, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

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THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

R. FULTON CUTTING, President

A GOOD-NIGHT MESSAGE.

The patter of tiny feet was heard from the head of the stairs. Mrs. Kinderby raised her hand, warning the others to silence.

"Hush!" she said, softly. "The children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them—they are so much nearer the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their little hearts never so fully as when the dark has come. Listen!"

There was a moment of tense silence. Then—

"Mamma," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bedbug!"—*National Food Monthly*.

MORE IN IT.

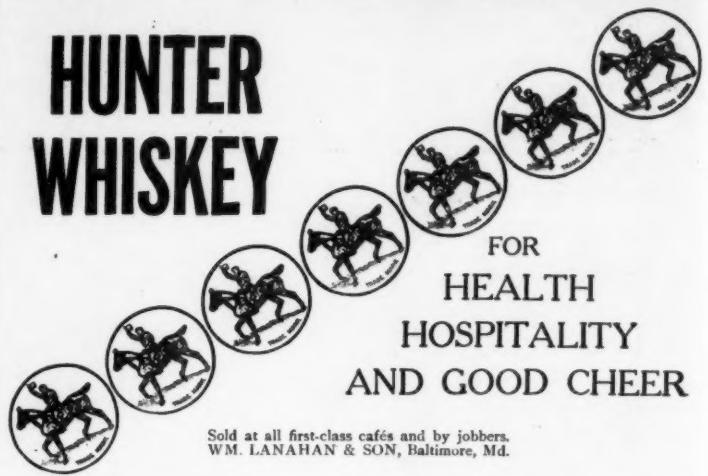
GRIGGS.—I hate to play poker with a hard loser.

BRIGGS.—It's a hanged sight better than playing with an easy winner.—*Boston Transcript*.

HANDICAPPED.

Another reason why a girl cannot eat as many strawberries as a man is because he is looking.—*Dallas News*.

HUNTER WHISKEY



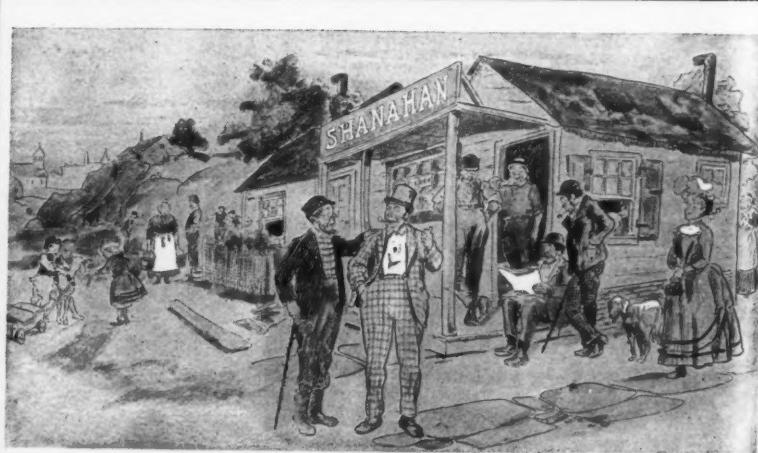
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The susceptible knight finds the maiden a magnet;

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



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A Scotchman who had worked for many years on the railroad among the Highlands of Scotland came to the United States in his later years and settled on a section of homestead land on the plains of the Far West.

Soon after his arrival there was a project for a railway through the district. The Scotchman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters.

"Hoot mon," he said to the spokesman of the delegation, "ye canna built a railway across this country."

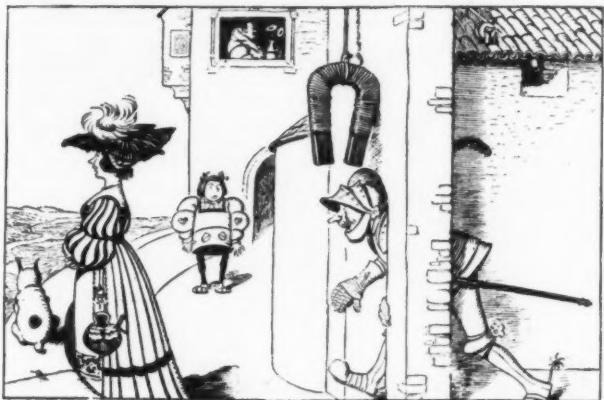
"Why not, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Why not?" repeated Ferguson, with an air of effectually settling the matter. "Why not? Dinna ye see the country's as flat as a flue, and ye hae nae place whatever to run your toonels through?" — *Youth's Companion*.

RUNNING LOW.

"Why are you in such a hurry for the new currency?"

"The little supply that I had of the old is nearly exhausted." — *Buffalo Express*.



II.

And the jealous burgher finds that ——

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ONE FOR EXCHANGE.

Sam had been apprehended by the sheriff for chicken stealing. Being without funds he bided his accustomed time in the calaboose until the day of the trial. Still without funds, he was also *sans* counsel. Witnesses, also, he had none; of character witnesses there was total lack, for anyone who testified to Sam's probity forthwith removed himself from the category of witnesses—that is, from the category of those who knew anything about the facts. Of this Sam was well aware.

"Sam Jackson, you are in custody of the law," announced the judge. "The State provides counsel for those who lack it. I hereby appoint these two gentlemen present in court to defend you. Have you anything to say?" Sam's face brightened at the judge's words.

"Two lawyers, Yo' Honah!" he exclaimed delightedly—and then, with an engaging grin: "Yassuh, yo' Honah—but ef it ain't crowdin' the law, can't I swop off one o' dem lawyers for a witnuss?" — *The Evening Post*.

YOUNG DOCTOR.—What are you doing with that Latin dictionary?

OLD DOCTOR.—Mr. Gotrocks has a cold and I'm looking for a name.—*Stanford Chaparral*.



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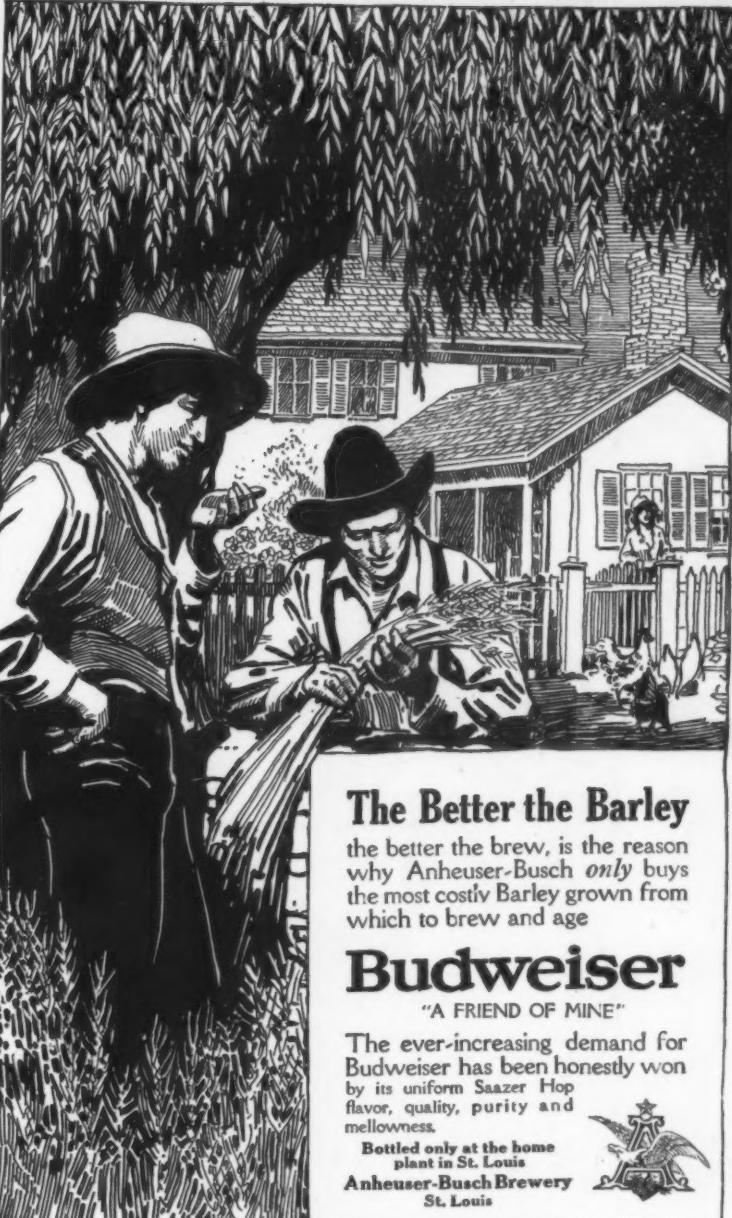
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"Because," said the manager, "we know that if an outside town will stand a show without killing the company, New York will be perfectly delighted with it." — *Indianapolis Journal*.

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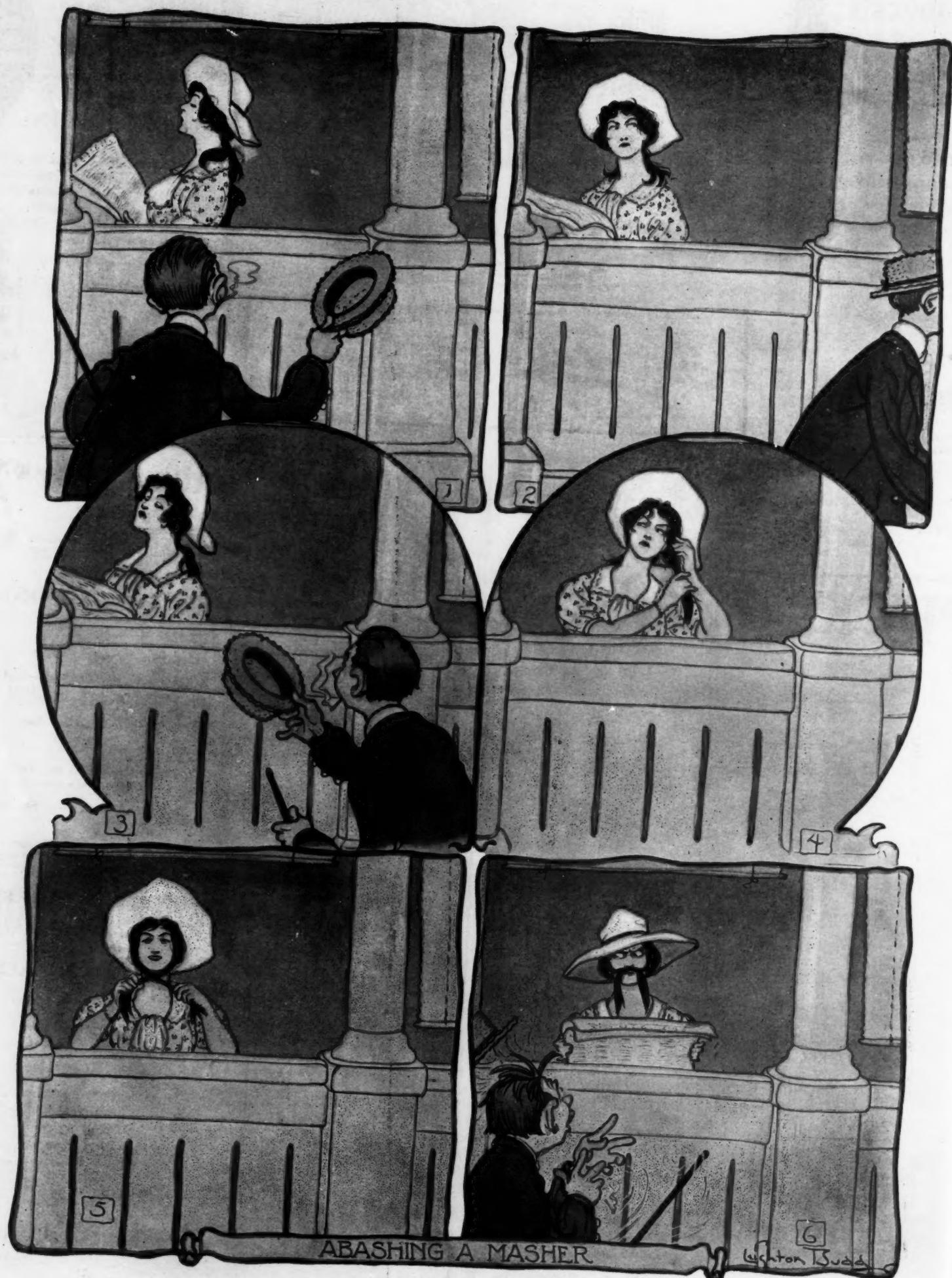
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ELDER SISTER.

THE ONE.—Who is the girl that just passed?

THE OTHER.—That's Miss Nutt.

THE ONE.—Hazel?

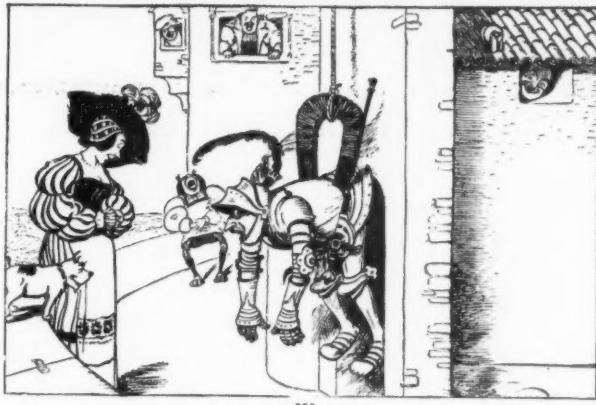
THE OTHER.—Ches.—*The Siren.*

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